

Best friends don't kiss by LegosArePainful00

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Summary: Mike is in love with El. El is in love with Mike. But they don't know it.

Best friends don't kiss

moments that hold such meaning to them just don't happen usually, anymore.

mike wheeler had woken up abruptly at the sound of light whimpering coming from the window, outside of his room.

it started off with the sound of someone making unintentional noises coming from their throat, but as the minutes passed mike realised that whatever it was, it was in agonizing pain. the whimpering turned into quiet sobs and mike couldn't take the sound anymore.

he slowly tiptoed his way toward the window and was careful to open it, just in case some sort of mythical creature jumped out of there and took his life away.

but when his eyes landed on the small, hazy figure, he could make out the body of his shivering best friend.

jane eleanor hopper.

the owner of his heart, although she wouldn't know. the most beautiful girl he has ever met, and his absolute soulmate, who kept the everlasting promise of being there for him until they both disappeared for good.

"el?" he called in a whisper, which cause her to whimper once again and just look at him with the trace of pain marked in her eyes. he felt his heart shrink at the sight of the innocent hazel orbs covered with a coat of freshly shed tears and new ones to come.

"are you okay?" the question seemed stupid, but necessary at the same.

she just looked away and kept her gaze stuck on the ground with no other word coming from her mouth.

this just caused an overwhelming wave of sorrow to fill mike's senses, leaving him breathless as the pain that was evident in her eyes made his eyes mirror it completely.

he quickly pulled the freezing girl into his room, knowing she had gotten here walking and with no other source of warmth than the thin blanket she was carrying around her arms at the moment.

mike was used to this routine now.

she had a nightmare, and when that happened she would come to his arms to cry, they would lay on his bed comfortably while he stroked her silky, soft hair and would get driven to another dimension by the smell of it.

el told him once that she always felt like she'd burden him with her own problems with all of the things she secretly confessed to him, but mike shook his head. he told her that as best friends, he would always be there for her.

he acted like he had no problems but there was one thing that always hung around his never-ending thoughts, and it had always been the fact that he was completely and crazily in love with her.

michael couldn't tell her, yet he would give her tiny signs, which her obliviousness always prevented her from noticing or pointing out.

her feelings would never be a mystery to him, he could read her like a book. he had memorized her like a poem. but he would never know if she returned the so magical feelings like the grand and unfortunately beautiful one like love.

she was beautiful and her amber eyes were like two bright saucers that lit up his lonely life which he found bland, but her presence turned it into something marvelous. he found her intriguing and interesting.

he felt like he was studying his favorite subject whenever he learned something new about her. like a paleontologist learning about a recently discovered type of dinosaur, or a writer learning a new, good word.

"you are okay, el. i am here." he shushed her lightly and pulled her closer. considering mike was a giraffe, she was tiny by his side, and whenever they cuddled -as friends, jane would say- she always put

her head in the crook of his neck.

she could always notice the coruscant glint in his eyes, which she found beautiful, but made her feel like she was causing him pain.

"i am sorry..."

mike quickly turned to look at her face, she looked like she was stuck on a state of loneliness and his ability to read her turned proficuous all of a sudden.

he knew he had to excogigate the use his words, since she was vulnerable the moment she had dreams about her horrible father - who doesn't have custody of the girl anymore- but at the moment, he couldn't think of anything else to say.

the feeling you have when something auspicious is about to happen is already going to be unparagoned enough for mike conseidering the boring and meaningless pace his life has, but the feeling turned even more ebullient with her response.

he leaned in and left a lingering kiss on her plump lips, those which he could feel press further against his full ones.

the feeling of exploring her mouth was just enough to make mike jump into reality and realised this wasn't all just a dream. this was real and he was kissing his best friend.

he felt her move her lips and the feeling was painfully good and very hard to describe, but he could feel what she was feeling, and he sighed contently with love filling his small, little heart, his cupidity took the best of him and his hand slowly made its way toward her rosy cheek.

she pulled away and looked at mike with a smile that could cure diseases, but Mike just leaned in again, eager to feel her lips in his.

two teenagers in love...